

NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.
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Ferrara is affluent in great poets, it is the city and burial-place of Ariosto, who lived in his own country, for in the midst of the city a large square is named after him, and in its centre is a lofty marble column, entwined with a sculptured vine, and surmounted by a statue of the poet, with an inscription at the base, "The country to Ludovico Ariosto." The house in which he lived has been purchased by the town council, and marked with the well-known motto written by the poet himself, and beginning with "Small, but suited to me." When a visitor expressed surprise that he, who had described so many magnificent palaces in his great epic of *chivalry* should not have a finer house himself, he replied that the palaces which he built in verse cost him nothing but ink. In the Library of the city are also preserved his own taken, and his inkstand, so often copied, surmounted by a Cupid with finger to lip enjoining silence. There too are manuscripts of some cantos of the *Orlando Furioso*, and fifty-two early editions of the complete poem. In another room is the end of all the tomb of this "Southern Scott," removed from the Benedictine Church in the time of the short-lived "Italian Republic." His portrait may be seen in the celebrated painting of *Paradise* by *Dece Dossi* on a ceiling in the monastery

of *San Benedetto*. Ariosto was so much pleased with this work that he begged the painter to put him in it, saying that he was desirous to secure a place in this Paradise, since he was not very sure of reaching the other. His portrait was accordingly introduced, and still figures between those of St. Sebastian and St. Catherine.

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VENICE is the most fascinating of cities to a passing stranger, but must be the most gloomy to a permanent resident. Even the traveler, though he does not cease to acknowledge her charms, finds them at last rather monotonous, and gets tired of dining on "Always partridge."

He feels too the desolation of the once proud Republic saddening all his thoughts, and he is at last glad to leave the mermaid city (though with many a lingering look behind) and return to the mainland, where he can see horses and trees.

But to leave Venice and reach Florence you must obtain permission of the Austrian Police to quit the city, of the Papal Consul to pass through a corner of the dominion of his Holiness, and of the Tuscan Consul to enter his master's territory, though this last is less imperative than the rest, for the excellent Grand Duke has no fear of conspirators. Each of these of course takes a fee, but the Tuscan after putting his big seal on the passport, said to me, "There is a little fee for two *zinzigers* for the clerk," to whom he pointed. I accordingly paid the clerk and went out, but as I turned to close the door I saw the clerk handing the money to his master, who by this ludicrous evasion, contrived to pocket the cash, and at the same time save his dignity.

The Papal Consul had no such delicacy. He made the blunder of inserting on his register the name of the Secretary of State who had signed the passport, instead of that of his bearer. His error is not surprising, however, since our Government issues passports written in English—precisely the only tongue for which passports are never needed—instead of in French, the universal language.

Though Venice is under Austrian authority, yet it is a free port, and therefore your luggage is examined on leaving it, and after being searched it is corded and sealed, lest you should smuggle something into it before you reach the mainland. They act universally on the presumption that all the world are rascals—forgetting that some are not Austrians.

The "Diligence," which here is a gondola, leaves at five in the morning; and after taking a last fond look at the *Piazza San Marco*, we seated ourselves in the little cabin, and were rowed to *Meatra* across the Lagoon, leaving behind us, perhaps forever, the Ocean City. On leaving the boat, we met with a curious instance of the Venetian confusion of the language of land and water carriage, for the man who had steered the gondola, asked for "Qualche cosa," as "Postillion of the Omnibus."

At *Meatra* we found a real diligence waiting with live horses, which we walked around and looked at as curiously as if they had been Giraffes, such novelties were they to our eyes naturalized in Venice. By three in the morning they brought us to *Padoa*, opposite the great *Cafe Pedrocchi*, which was brilliantly lighted, as if it were yet only evening, for, as a waiter said proudly "This *Cafe* never closes day or night."

At midday we crossed the Po into the Papal States. The river was passed by a wretched ferry boat, but the bank on the other side was so steep that the heavy diligence could not be dragged up it by the ferry, so the Pope's existed in America it would be at once indicated. His officers were kindly passed the luggage with a merely nominal examination in consideration of "Qualche cosa," and we soon entered *Ferrara*, with its moss-covered walls, and its wide and grass-green fields, whose symmetry was not for solitude.

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